

The MEDICAL

MISSIONARY



Bengali Mother and Child

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and the Novitiate are located in Brookland, Washington, D. C.

At present the Society labors in India where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child-welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world as soon as its numbers permit.



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May Mission Intention

That the Students of Catholic Schools May Be Taught About the Missions

THE Holy Father in His paternal solicitude for the younger members of His flock reserves the May Mission Intention for them. The Sovereign Pontiff realizes that they will be the leaders of the next generation into whose hands must pass the responsibility for obeying Christ's own mandate to "teach all nations."

In the "Rerum Ecclesiae" His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, already voiced His appeal to the children attending Catholic institutions of learning. "We desire," He said, "that in all institutions and orphan asylums, in parochial schools, in colleges and in religious houses of women there should ascend to Heaven every day a prayer that the Divine Mercy may descend upon so many unhappy beings and upon such populous pagan nations. What can the Heavenly Father refuse to grant to the innocent and chaste?" In this same memorable document the Holy Father also states "For this reason you will do a thing conformable to Our desire and in keeping with the mind and sentiments of the faith if some special prayer for the missions and for the conversion of the heathen to the true faith be added to the rosary and to other such prayers as are accustomed to be recited in the parish churches and in other churches and LET THE CHILDREN BE INVITED AND ENCOURAGED TO THIS END."

A Requisite of Mission Doctrine

The first step in imparting to our Catholic youth a love of the missions is training them to pray for the missions. How necessary prayer is may be judged from the following words of the Holy Father: "Even though the missionaries labor zealously; though they work and toil and even lay down their lives in leading the pagans to the Catholic religion; though they employ all industry and diligence and all human means, still all this shall be of no avail, all their efforts shall go to naught, unless God touches the hearts of the pagans to soften them and to draw them to Him.



Our own Mission Crusade Unit.

Now it is easy to see that everyone has the opportunity to pray and so this help, the very nourishment of the missions, is within the power of all to supply."

Repaying a Debt

No student in grammar or high school, college or university can deny the debt the world owes Catholicism. The armies of the world enlarged the territorial boundaries of the various empires but the missionaries of Christ enlarged the boundaries of the Church's empire. The whole world was mission territory at the time of the Apostles and that "whole" included the then undiscovered America. The era of exploration and colonization eventually reached here and with it came the missionaries who brought the Faith to our own country. Today the United States is able to repay at least a small part of her debt of gratitude by contributing the prayers and alms of her faithful together with the services of her own sons and daughters who are carrying the message of Christ to other lands.

The Choice of a Career

The enthusiasm of youth brings with it a deep admiration for the deeds of bravery performed by men and women of other ages and climes. If one wishes to help in the work of evangelization—pray for the missions. If one desires to have a greater part in the work of the Redemption—pray for the missions and contribute to their support. If one wishes to become a twentieth century soldier of Christ—go to the missions! Prayer, work and sacrifice for the missions on the part of our students will bring about a realization of the Holy Father's Mission Intention "That the Students of Cath-

olic Schools may be taught about the Missions." For if they are taught now about the missions they cannot but have a deep and abiding love for them all the days of their lives and their interest will find expression in doing their share in the work.

Medical Experiences in the Missions

Beriberi

The havoc disease played among missionaries even a few decades ago is vividly illustrated in an article "Seminaries in Tonkin" in the January number of *Les Missions Catholiques*.

Under the heading of "Trials" it is related that "added to the bad health of the Superior the seminarians of Phuc-Nhac were afflicted with beriberi." Up to that time this disease was scarcely known in Tonkin and very little attention was paid to it. But two students died suddenly on Easter Sunday in 1877 and the following day several others were stricken. The superiors became alarmed and not knowing how to care for the patients they were taken to their families or to the priests who had sent them to the seminary. It was noticeable that scarcely had they left the house when their health improved and after a few days change of air and food they were completely cured. Some cases proved fatal because the disease had gained such a strong hold before the patients had been sent home; in certain cases also the disease was of a virulent type that caused death in one or two days. There have been instances when a student, apparently well, left in the morning on a holiday and was dying before he arrived home at noon of the same day.

When beriberi first made its appearance in the seminary of Phuc-Nhac it was a disease little understood. Today we know that it is caused by a vitamin deficiency. Some years it occurred as a veritable epidemic; other years it did not appear at all. It also happened that some students suffered slightly for a long time while those with whom they lived failed to contract the disease.

In Tonkin only one thing proved successful in the treatment of beriberi—a change of air. Many other things were tried, tincture of iodine, bananas, lemons. None of them, however, proved successful in all cases. Sometimes bran was used, especially in treating the humid type. It was given in different forms, sometimes mixed with molasses in small loaves of bread. This bread was quite pleasant to eat but since it was given as a form of nourishment some did not believe in its efficacy. However, once the patients had experienced the beneficial effect they took it more willingly.

Beriberi was, without doubt, a grave evil in the houses of education but the seminary of Phuc-Nhac was the scene of a much graver disease, namely a form of contagious insanity. Those who were affected thought that they were kings or mandarins, others that they were princes or courtiers.

It began one day when M. Deux was alone in the house, the Superior and the other Fathers having gone for a walk. What was the surprise of M. Gelot and his companions on their return to the seminary to see some students walking about with sticks which they wielded as swords; others going about under a parasol, each one wishing to be honored according to his rank. When the king and the grand mandarins did not find anyone to follow them there was trouble. The seminary authorities were in a dilemma. When the students had beriberi it had been easy enough to send them to their families or guardians but when they had become kings and mandarins it was not easy to convince them that they should go, and the journeys to their respective homes were not without more or less extravagant incidents.

And how explain this phenomenon! The epidemic returned three years in succession and then did not reappear. The seminarians who had been attacked with beriberi felt its effects for a long time; at certain seasons, in winter and when it was damp, they had relapses. On the other hand, those who suffered from the temporary insanity never showed any after effects.

Modern Developments

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the light of present-day knowledge, many things are clearer than was the case in the days of the epidemics in the Tonkin Seminary. We know now that beriberi is caused by a lack of vitamin B. One wonders, too, whether or not pellagra, another vitamin-deficiency disease, was not the cause of the insanity mentioned, as it is now known that pellagra often results in insanity and sometimes in death.

Apropos of the above, a recent item in the "New York Times," reporting on the annual conference of the Milbank Memorial Fund at the New York Academy of Medicine, reads as follows:

"Pellagra, which attacks about four hundred thousand people annually and frequently results in death or insanity, is especially prevalent among individuals who from ignorance or poverty fail to consume proper quantities of meat, milk, eggs, liver, and yeast, which contain nicotinic acid.

"Nicotinic acid, which has been found to be the principle whose absence causes pellagra, can now be produced chemically and used in the treatment of pellagra cases.

"Dr. Soma Weiss, of the Harvard University Medical School, discussed the use of the electric cardiograph in the detection of deficiency of vitamin B sub 1. He said that certain typical changes in the form of dilation of the heart and weakening of its action has been found in human beings and also in rats suffering from beriberi and latent forms of that disease."

It has long been known that the sudden deaths in beriberi cases were due to heart failure.

Leprosy

In *L'Aide Medicale Aux Missions*, October, 1937, we read some of the very interesting experiences of Doctor Leugaureur in the Leprosarium of Ossioneo in Southern Nigeria, where she is in charge.

This part of the West Coast of Africa has been termed the "white man's grave," but the natives of the region likewise suffer from the very unfavorable climate. The population in this district is very dense (twenty million) and the people are ignorant, superstitious, badly nourished, poorly housed, and filthy. The high humidity, even during the dry season, very likely increases the incidence of leprosy, which occurs also in cold countries that have a high humidity, e.g., Norway and Finland.

There are nearly five million lepers in the world: the last census revealed that Nigeria has about two hundred and twenty-five thousand of them. Very likely the true figure is much higher, as those with the disease carefully conceal the fact as long as possible.

An old missionary asserted that it was always very suspicious to find a negro clothed. The lepers cover themselves to hide their disease, and when this can no longer be done they remain in the jungle until death frees them. Their suffering is further increased by their belief that the soul of a leper is damned for all eternity. The worst curse among the lepers is "you will die a leper!"

The people endeavored to protect themselves against the insidious disease even before the arrival of the European. Among the Youraba tribes they kill lepers and in this region leprosy is relatively infrequent. In other regions a pre-nuptial examination is required and the people show themselves excellent diagnosticians. A quarantine of the leper in his own hut where he has his own food and utensils, away from the village, is practiced among some. Because the negro loves his liberty, this confinement is doubly irksome and he does his best to hide the disease which deprives him of his civic rights. Leprosy is ground for divorce in Nigeria and the wife of a leper has the right to remarry.

Sorcery and magic play a big role in the treatment of leprosy, as in all other phases of the native life. The treatment sometimes consists in burning the first leprous area with a white hot iron. Dr. Leugaureur writes, "Many of my patients possess scars of ancient burns, dreadful but eloquent testimony of native medicine."

In the region of Benin there is a tree which the natives call "The tree which saved Benin from leprosy." It is said that an extract of the leaves of this tree cures leprosy. Many cures have been cited (not in Dr. Leugaureur's personal experience, however), but a spontaneous cure of leprosy is a known fact. Nevertheless, there is still much leprosy in Benin. The idea

that leprosy is a punishment for violation of the ancient laws is current among the natives. There is also a belief that one can cause leprosy in another in a mysterious manner—to avenge a wrong! Among the superstitions are dangerous practices such as the belief that one can cure leprosy by rubbing the leprous sore against a freshly-made sore of a healthy person. The person exposed to this runs the grave risk of contracting the disease.

The Leprosarium of Ossioneo was founded by a Native Administration in 1931. Those who can afford it pay, while the others are admitted free. The number of patients is limited by the amount of money obtained from those who pay. Hopeless cases are not admitted.

Dr. Leugaureur tells the story of a woman who walked five days to get to the leprosarium and who arrived in such a state of exhaustion that she fell against the wall of the hospital. But she was incurable so she was not admitted. However, she was allowed to stay a while and when she left she was given food and clothing for her return journey.

A Report From India

Enormous numbers of patients, the majority of whom are unable, through extreme poverty, to pay the fees of a private practitioner, are dealt with each day in the dispensaries in India, according to the report of Dr. G. C. Anderson, Secretary of the British Medical Association, who recently completed a three months' visit to the hospitals of India. The vast majority of hospitals in India suffer from a lack of adequate nursing personnel. The custom of the country has prevented women generally from adopting nursing as a profession and the needs of the hospitals in this respect have been met as far as possible by the services of foreign women. However, with the diminishing of *purdah* there is a hope that more Indian women will enter the nursing field.

The rural districts, the real India, are practically without medical attention while the profession is overcrowded in the cities. Dr. Anderson says that the standard of medical ethics, however, is very low and there is no legal restriction which prevents the unqualified from carrying on some form of so-called medical practice. The population generally is illiterate, superstitious, ignorant and prejudiced, and consequently unable to appreciate the difference between the qualified and unqualified. The natural tendency of the people is to seek advice from those who practice an indigenous system which is bound up with their religious faith.

Dr. Anderson remarks that the work being done by medical missionaries cannot be too highly praised, "and this applies more particularly perhaps to the women practitioners who have done so much to relieve suffering amongst the women of India."

Medicine of Sinners

By

FRATER DONALD MARIA O'CALLAGHAN, O.Carm.

Many centuries ago, in England, the Prior General of the Carmelites invoked Mary under the title of "Medicine of Sinners" in his prayer, "Ave Stella Matutina."

On July 16, 1251, Saint Simon Stock, O.Carm., burdened with years as well as with cares, was praying to Our Lady when she appeared to him and gave him the Brown Scapular, saying, "This will be the sign of the privilege that I have obtained for thee and for the children of Carmel. Whoever dies clothed with this habit will be preserved from eternal flames." As soon as the news of his vision was known, men from far and near desired to be enrolled in the livery of the "Medicine of Sinners."

However, Mary was not apparently content with the great gift she had given to the children of men, for she, in a vision to the Sovereign Pontiff, John XXII, on March 3, 1322, said: "I, the Mother of Grace, shall descend on the Saturday after their death and whomsoever I shall find in purgatory, I shall free, so that I may lead them to the holy mountain of life everlasting." To obtain this favor, known as the Sabbatine Privilege, it is necessary (a) to wear the Brown Scapular; (b) to observe chastity according to one's state in life; and (c) to recite daily the Little Office of Our Lady. (Confessors are empowered to change this third condition.)

These are the two great promises attached to wearing the Scapular, and in order to gain the promise which was made to Saint Simon Stock it is not necessary to fulfill the conditions for the Sabbatine Privilege, which is something over and above the wearing of the Holy Scapular.

Many Pontiffs have enriched the garment of Mary with indulgences and privileges, and the faithful who have worn the badge of Our Lady are legion. Space does not permit an enumeration of all the privileges, but a few may well be mentioned:

The promise to Saint Simon Stock.

The promise to Pope John XXII.

A share in all the good works of the Carmelite Order.

A plenary indulgence on one hundred and thirty days of the year.

A plenary indulgence and General Absolution at the hour of death.

Many partial indulgences.

Any altar upon which is celebrated a Mass for a deceased member of the Scapular Confraternity becomes a privileged altar.

Commenting on the title which Saint Simon gave to the Blessed Virgin, Saint Alphonsus Liguori says: "Mary is called by Saint Simon Stock 'the Medicine of Sinners'; and by Saint Ephrem, not only medicine, but health itself. And this she herself promises to all who seek her: *He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord.* Neither let us fear that, on account of the bad odor of our wounds, she may refuse to take care of us: she is our Mother; and as a mother does not shrink from dressing the wound of her child, neither does this celestial physician refuse to hear servants who have recourse to her."

Down through the centuries, on the mission fields as well as at home, non-Carmelites have vied with Carmelites in enrolling the faithful in the brown livery which helps to protect the soul from sin, the worst disease of all. Sickness may weaken and destroy the body but it leaves the soul intact; sin may not always injure the body, but it rots the soul. Therefore it is clearly evident that the sickness of sin is worse than all other evils. We should remember the old proverb that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and wear the shield given by the "Medicine of Sinners" to protect her children from the germs of sin.

The Catholic Medical Missionaries are interested in Medical Missions and in the women of the Orient; they are interested above all in the souls of their charges. They care for the broken body in order to save the suffering soul. Here is where the Scapular comes in, for Mary's habit is a strong antidote to the poison spread by the world, the flesh, and the devil. The garment of Our Lady is of value in their work of saving souls, just as it has always been of value in the past. For we know that Mary is our Mother and a mother will never neglect her children, especially when they honor her by carrying with them a perpetual reminder of her love.

On the sixteenth of May we celebrate the Feast of Saint Simon Stock, a fitting time at which to renew our devotion to the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Remembering the promises which Mary has given to those who wear her Scapular, and the indulgences with which the Church has enriched the devotion, no Catholic should neglect it. Every mother clothes her child and protects him from sickness, so now let us take up the garment with which Mary our Mother clothes us in order to protect us from the sickness of sin assailing the human race.

High Spots on a Mission Cruise

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

XIENG-MAI (Continued)

Mass in convents all over the world seems to be early; even far-off Xieng-Mai was no exception. At five o'clock in the morning I was roused for Mass at five-thirty. After breakfast the "Tin Lizzie" drove up again with Father Meunier at the wheel. It was as well after all that he could "step on the gas" because we had much to see in a very short time. He had made up his mind to show me the Leper Asylum which was eight miles outside the city, situated on an island in the Meping, which is a tributary of the Menam.

I must confess I never thought that lepers anywhere were so well housed and so well taken care of as they are there. The island is prettily planned and has many beautiful trees and flowers along wide roads lined with well-built white-washed little houses, just large enough for two. Each house has one room and a little kitchen. I entered the one which was occupied by the one and only Catholic and white man who is a patient there—a young Italian. Each leper is given twelve pounds of rice a week and a small allowance. There are four hundred and eighty inmates. The men and women are in separate parts of the island. The colony was founded by Dr. McKane, an American Protestant missionary, and is now carried on by his son, who is married to a charming Siamese lady whom I also met. The doctor told me that he had patients in all stages of the disease and he showed me some of the severe cases. He said that he gives them pure Chaulmoogra oil; that the injections of the ethyl esters are too painful. The latter are the active principle of the former. He has trained a corps of volunteer injectors to help him especially in the eighteen outlying stations where patients come at definite intervals for treatment.

The nursing in the leper settlement is done by those of the patients who are able, and they also do the other work, such as sewing, gardening, cleaning, for which they receive a little extra pay. Everything was so well organized and the surroundings were so beautiful that one was not conscious of the misery of the disease as one is in

most leprosaria. As we were returning, when I had had a bird's eye view of the whole, I was taken to the site of the proposed medical mission.

On the way to the station we stopped at the monastery and saw the shaven headed young *talapoins* (monks) sitting on the floor in front of easels. They were studying. In Siam every young man is supposed to don the saffron robe and retire to a monastery, at least for a short time, to be taught the higher ethics of life. In by-gone days the monasteries conducted elementary schools and even today 86 per cent of the local schools and 50 per cent of the government schools are in monasteries and are the outgrowth of the old temple schools.

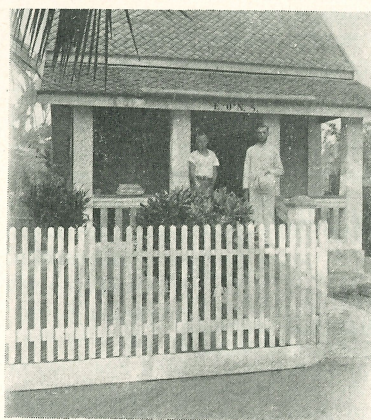
I would have liked to linger a little longer in Xieng-Mai; there was a charm about its ancient moat and crumbling walls, its foliage shrouded homes, the features of the old rulers of the land of the free, the costumes of the tribes people and the silver and lacquer wares in the bazaar.

When I said "*au revoir*" to Father Meunier it was not the conventional expression but a sincere hope, in spite of the hair breadth escapes in the "Tin Lizzie."

Bangkok Again!

The four hundred and sixty-seven miles return trip to Bangkok was made doubly interesting and pleasant by the company of several Ursuline nuns. As we left Xieng-Mai behind, they pointed out to me the background of the wooded range of mountains with the Doi Sutep towering over them all. It is over five thousand feet high.

At the first station, Lampang, several girls who had been boarding with the nuns left the train and were met by their relatives. The girls all wore western uniform dresses; the relatives, native costume. The Siamese dress is a very simple affair, a little jacket and a tight skirt. One very fine looking old gentleman, the father of thirty children, who came to meet his three girls, wore the old style Siamese costume which has baggy bloomers instead of a skirt. (I also saw an elderly woman wearing them.) The old



Each Leper's House Has One Room and a Little Kitchen.

gentleman caressed his baby daughter very gently and with an expression of great happiness and was most cordial and respectful to the Ursuline nuns who were her teachers. He reminded me of the patriarchs.

Our train sped on through jungle, tunnels, past torrents, rice fields and villages to Bangkok where we arrived early in the morning. The nuns insisted on taking me to their Motherhouse, where they gave me everything for the refreshment of both soul and body. Into the bargain, Reverend Mother kindly offered to send two nuns, one of them Siamese, to act as my guides, which meant much to me, of course.

It seems to me that wherever there are nuns they but have to say the word and some kind lady or gentleman is ready to put time and cars at their disposal. God bless them for their thoughtfulness, unselfishness and generosity! They give much joy and help one to accomplish things. In Bangkok a friend of the Sisters, a Catholic lady of Portuguese-Siamese parentage, was the good Samaritan. But for her we would not have been able to achieve much, for Bangkok is a large city of over half a million people. In her Ford we drove along New Road, the city's main thoroughfare, always seething with humanity, to the palace which then was and still is kingless. His Majesty, King Prajadhipok, is in exile in Europe and the heir is not yet of age. For this reason the whole palace gave more the impression of a museum than of a home for the living. Siamese guards first conducted us to a hall which serves as repository for the deceased members of the royal family; they are embalmed

and placed in urns in an embryonic position, after their bones have been broken in a vise. Buddhist priests pray there day and night. Special festivities are held on the seventh and fiftieth days and finally on the hundredth when the removal of the body takes place. It was customary, in days gone by, to enter this hall creeping on all fours, as a token of reverence to the dead. In the throne hall our attention was drawn to the nine-tiered ceremonial umbrella over the king's throne. Officials have five, or seven-tiered ones, according to their dignity and office.

In the adjoining Wat Phra Keo, which is the royal temple, Siam's greatest treasure is housed—the so-called Emerald Buddha. It is two feet high and is said to be of jasper. It is placed aloft in a reliquary on an altar. The statue is robed differently three times a year. There is a chair for the Buddhist priest on a nearby platform. There we received an explanation of the purpose of the fan always worn by the monks. It is to ward off distractions that come from seeing and being seen. The Buddhist priests play an important role in the country because Buddhism is the state religion. Siam is the purest Buddhist country today. There are said to be over a hundred and twenty thousand Buddhist priests in a country of twelve million inhabitants.

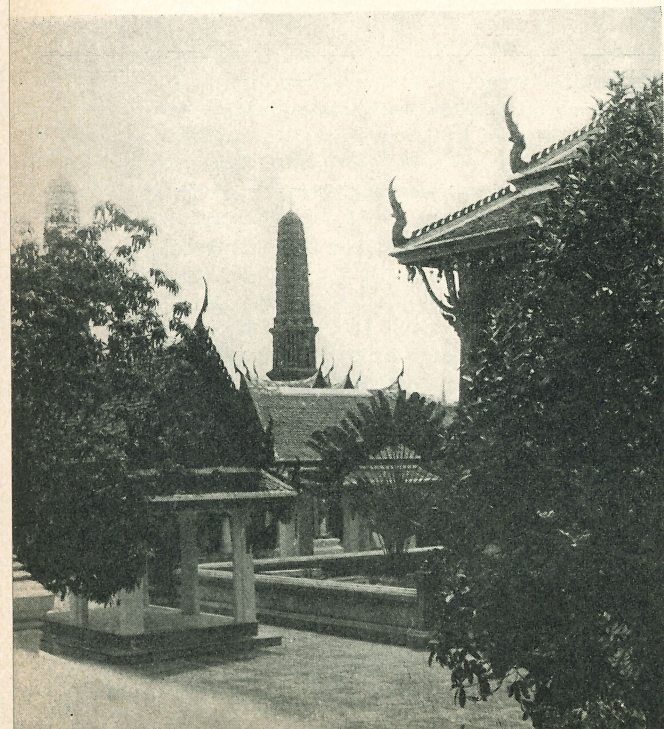
Siamese Buddhism resembles the form practised in Ceylon. It is the so-called Hiniyana Buddhism or "smaller wheel of the law," while the Tibetan is the "greater wheel." The first is the *pali* canon, considered more pure and authentic; the latter the *sunskrit* canon. On certain occasions Buddhist monks chant a kind of psalm called "the three baskets" which keeps alive the teaching and traditions of their religion.

A City of Temples

In Bangkok one cannot get away from Buddha; there is *wat* after *wat*, and in them not only one Buddha, but Buddha after Buddha, rows and rows of them, seated, standing and lying. The famous sleeping Buddha, representing him entering Nirvana, was originally entirely covered with a thin layer of gold, but part of it has been removed. It is enormous—one hundred and fifty feet long.

One of the majestic land marks of Bangkok is the Wat Arun with its high tower surrounded by four smaller ones, all incrustated with glittering tile and pieces of porcelain. Figures of fierce-looking *yaks* (giants) guard the entrance. That there was a strong Hindu influence in Siam is evident because side by side with the Buddhas there are frescoes on the interior of the temples and cloistered passages from the Epic of Ramayana. Our guide explained them to us very minutely and enthusiastically as his school was preparing to stage the Epic in the near future for the benefit of the Red Cross and he

One of the Majestic Landmarks of Bangkok Is the Wat Arun With Its High Tower Encrusted With Glittering Tile and Pieces of Porcelain.



himself was to take the part of Humayun, the monkey-god.

Yes, one could spend days and days visiting temples and seeing Buddhas until one was seeing them in one's dreams. A fifth of the city's area is temple ground. There are at least three hundred *wats* (temples). One of those recently built rejoices in the name of Wat Benjamabopitr. Like the older ones it has elaborate gilded gables and tier upon tier of roofs which are covered with tiles of scintillating imperial yellow. Everywhere color, grace of form, statues and paintings speak to the eye and tinkling bells to the ears. These must fill a need of the people, otherwise neither artists nor patrons could have been found to produce them in such profusion.

We also had a glimpse of Bangkok's University and Medical School and large City Hospital as well as the Pasteur Institute with its snake farm. On the banks of the Menam River there is rice mill after rice mill. The good Ford wiggled in and out of highways and by ways, passed smelly canals, open wooden shops, rickshaws, cars and carts. It was hot and dusty. After a while my thirst was beyond endurance. Fortunately I spied an ambulant soft drinks restaurant. The owner, a stolid looking Chinaman, carried cocoanuts on ice in his little wagon. Here was a perfectly sterile drink of nature's own brewing. The cold, sweetish liquid was nectar to me. On our way home we passed the new palace which is built in European style. The habitation of the two royal white elephants is on the grounds of the surrounding park. They are not really white, but pinkish and are albinos. In the old days of pomp and splendor they received their share of honor. On certain occasions their trunk was adorned with rings and a diadem placed on their heads; the attendants prostrated themselves before them. A red parasol was held over them when they were led to the bath and musicians and slaves accompanied them. In case of illness the court physician had the privilege of prescribing for them, priests prayed for their recovery. When they died there was universal mourning and costly funerals. Of all this glory of the past only one thing seems to remain—the delicacies of food which likely mean more to an elephant than all the rest. The attendant handed us sugar cane to amuse ourselves feeding the white elephants.

Saturated with sights of gorgeous temples and serene Buddhas of all sizes and shapes and colorful Oriental life we returned, full of gratitude to our kind and good chauffeur and guide. I now had to pay by respects to my hostesses at the Saint Louis' Hospital and to the Bishop. After a little quiet visit in the Assumption Cathedral the hour struck for me to leave for Paknam, the harbor of Bangkok. It is not a good one because it is very shallow. Large boats have to anchor quite a distance outside. It took

us over two hours in a tender to reach the *S. S. Reliance*. I was glad to see it again after my ten days' absence. The steward hailed me like a long lost friend and presented me with copies of our daily news sheet, the *GLOBE TROTTER*, which he had faithfully kept for me. Two hot and restful days again in tropical seas and then Singapore!

Cause of Our Joy

We are now to consider Our Blessed Mother with her attractive title, "Cause of Our Joy." Let us simply ask and answer this question, "Why is Mary the Cause of Our Joy?" Because through Mary's free and deliberate act in consenting to become the Mother of the Redeemer, joy—true joy—entered the world in the Person of God's Son, Our Blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

Mary's free consent was requested by Almighty God. God's ambassador, Saint Gabriel, Archangel, waited upon the lowly, holy Maiden, espoused wife of Joseph; and, presenting God's designs, waited for Mary's answer. That answer came in words that went echoing through the courts of highest heaven with tremendous volume, surpassing even the first fiat of creation, for Mary's "Fiat mihi—Be it done unto me"—brought not a world into being, but God's Son into the world. Truly thus is the Blessed Mary entitled to be proclaimed Cause of Our Joy!

Yet besides this first and fundamental claim to her title as Cause of Our Joy, the Blessed Mother has a second and, indeed, complimentary one. Mary is not only the Cause of Our Joy because she brought Jesus into the world; she is, likewise, the Cause of Our Joy because she has so often brought us unto Jesus.

It is through Mary and her maternal prayers that we have been given all our graces; and the grace of grace is this, to draw nigh unto Jesus. Have we ever been away from the friendship of Jesus by reason of mortal sin? Mary's intercession drew us back. Have we ever advanced from grace to grace? Mary's prayers have lifted us in grace. Have we frequently drawn near to Jesus in His Eucharistic dwelling? Mary's hands have led us there. Oh, may those blessed hands continue to keep us safe in our path; and may we at the gates of Paradise behold the sweet Cause of Our Joy smiling a welcome to enter with her into joy supernal! Amen.

—A. Page, C.S.C., in "God's Rainbow."

New Pagoda in Xieng-Mai



A Call To His Service

By

SISTER ALMA JULIA, S.C.M.M., Ph.G., M.T.

About a year ago our Society conducted a poster contest in the Catholic high schools and colleges. The poster depicted a graduate in cap and gown, holding her diploma in her hand and gazing at a crucifix. Obviously she had come to the cross-roads in life. A caption under the poster read: A CALL TO HIS SERVICE. The students were invited to write a short essay, telling what the poster meant to them. Appropriate prizes, souvenirs from India, were given for the best essays.

Hundreds of answers were received and after the contest was over and the prizes distributed I took the discarded essays and studied them. What *did* the poster mean to these girls? What was their idea of the reaction of the sweet-girl graduate standing before the crucifix and at the cross-roads of life?

Most of the youthful writers tried to portray the struggle in the graduate's mind as she contemplated the future.

"Her ship is at sea; where shall it anchor?"

"Which shall I choose—the Convent or the World?"

The "world" was not usually spelled in capitals but one received the impression that it was capitalized in many minds.

About one-third of the contestants interpreted the poster as an invitation from the Crucified One to give up all and follow in His footsteps.

"Can I make this sacrifice and give up all for Christ?"

The idea of *duty* or *sacrifice* predominated too much throughout the essays. After all, one does not enter the convent because one considers it a *duty* to do so, or because she wants to make a great *sacrifice*. Then why does she enter? Because she loves Christ. The more one loves God the more one desires to serve Him, and the religious life offers the opportunity of giving Him wholehearted service.

Of course, the girl entering the convent will not necessarily give that answer. Not to the casual questioner anyway. Most of us are afraid to be thought pious. You might ask a Sister, "Why did you become a nun?" and she will probably answer, "Oh, I admired the religious life and I always wanted to nurse (or teach), and so I entered the convent." And perhaps the real reason was because she had read the lives of the saints and made up her mind that she wanted to be a saint, too, but she wouldn't tell you that.

Yes, it is a *privilege*, not a *duty*, to be a Sister. One enters the convent to be with Christ and to do His Will. She may enter a particular convent because she wants to teach, or nurse the sick, or go on the foreign missions; but the teaching or nursing is secondary to the primary motive, the accomplishment of the Will of God and working for Him in whatever task is assigned to her.

The idea of *giving up everything* loomed very large, especially in the eyes of the younger group among the contestants. I suppose the older one grows the more one appreciates how little value the things of this earth have. To quote a few lines here and there:

"Can I forsake friends, family, give up all I hold dear to follow Thee into strange lands?"

"No longer to partake of the enjoyments of

wealth—namely, clothes, money, enjoyments of life, and later even to enter society?"

"Never again could she enjoy the boat-rides, dances, and other amusements which were now hers."

Like most writers, the contestants were inclined to endow their heroine with beauty, wealth, all the talents. Therefore she had a lot to "give up" when she entered the Medical Missionaries, where most of the girls finally placed her. That is an author's privilege. Our Cath-



A Call to His Service

olic high school and college girls know that to give one's heart and to "give up" one's will is more important, more difficult, and more likely to happen. We do not all have talent, wealth, and beauty, although there are times when one wishes she did have them, just for the joy of "giving them up" for Christ's sake.

It is interesting to note that many think religious life automatically bars one from all dangers and temptations. As one so naively put it: "A career of religion insures complete protection from worldly dangers, while out in the world the others must face each and every danger by themselves." Still, she is not entirely wrong. Religious life does not immune one from sin and danger as vaccine will render one immune from smallpox, for instance, but the means of salvation are so abundant, community life with its rules and safeguards so protective, that one should fall very little, never very far, and rise again very quickly. Indeed, if one always kept the rules perfectly, as more than one saint has said, one would very soon be worthy of canonization.

Although most of the contestants took the poster as indicating a specific invitation to the medical mission vocation, as it was partly intended to do, some of the ideas expressed were amusing and surprising at times.

"Be a nun? That's out. I have to be on the go or I'm miserable." Then further on (in the essay) she discovers that there are some Sisters "on the go" all the time in India and such places, and she exclaims, "Oh, for the life of a Medical Missionary!"

The part that so many of the girls seemed to appreciate was that a girl could be both a nurse *and* a Sister, or a doctor *and* a Sister. Many made the mistake, however, of thinking that Medical Missionary Sisters were *all* doctors or nurses. Such is not the case. The work of the Society is the care of the sick in the foreign missions, but as in the case of hospitals in this country, we need not only doctors and nurses but also dietitians, stenographers, social workers, and Sisters to look after the mending, cook-

ing, and everything else. No, one does not have to have the ability or desire to be a doctor or nurse to become a Medical Missionary. The qualifications required for religious life anywhere, the desire to serve God in the medical mission field, good health—these are the essentials in order to become a Medical Missionary.

The dangers of missionary life were rather exaggerated. As one contestant wrote of her heroine: "Here she will be exposed to the greatest perils and she can be almost certain to meet an early death." Another said: "Think of all those nuns who are sacrificing their lives to go among the lepers when they know that they can never come back alive, that eventually they will contract the disease of leprosy and meet the same fate as those persons whom they have been caring for."

That reminds me of a Franciscan Sister who

celebrated her golden jubilee in religion a year or two ago. Forty-eight of those years were spent in the leprosy colony of Molokai. Incidentally, none of the Sisters there have yet contracted leprosy. When one is able to observe simple precautions, there is very little danger of contracting it.



A quiet hour in a shady nook.

A few of the contestants

did not know that the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a Community of Sisters. As one wrote, speaking of a certain mission: "The men who conduct it belong to the Medical Mission Society." O dear, O dear!

As is easily understood, the girls who wrote for the contest stressed the avocation, as it were, rather than the vocation of the religious life. They did not seem to understand as yet that the aim of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (as with all religious communities) is primarily the sanctification of its members. The care of the sick in the mission fields is a means to this end. In other words, the Medical Apostolate is, so to say, the ladder by which the individual Sisters are to climb to Christian perfection.

A few very wise remarks were noted here and there:

(Continued on page 106)

The Romance of Rummage

By SISTER M. FRANCIS PATRICK, S.C.M.M.

Of what real value is the rummage that you, Madame, contribute to the LOTS FOR LITTLE THRIFT SHOP? Would you like to know something of the value that it has—not in the coin of Caesar,—but in the coin of the eternal kingdom of Heaven? Then a brief glance at some of the work being done by the five charities benefited by the profits of the Thrift Shop, as reported at the annual meeting of the Board of Directors, held at the Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls in New York City on April 7, will give you some realization of the vast amount of good accomplished by your donations of rummage—those dishes that are chipped and may no longer decorate your table, those dresses of which you are now weary, those books that, in your attic, are merely gathering dust—and by the countless other things that no longer serve a purpose in your home, but in the homes of others, less burdened with the goods of this world, would be veritable treasures.

Actually there are many things to consider when you send articles to the Thrift Shop. You are parting with something you no longer need; the poor, who cannot afford to buy even life's necessities new, have the opportunity of purchasing them second hand, at low prices; the profit made goes to help others in even greater need! Your act of charity brings you its own reward; the purchaser, because he has *purchased*, retains his own self-respect, and the five beneficiaries are enabled to do a greater amount of good!

In the Barat Settlement little children are given an opportunity to play elsewhere than on "the sidewalks of New York." These little ones, who otherwise would go hungry, are given two well-balanced meals a day, taught their catechism, and started on the road that leads to a well-ordered, normal life. And this, be it remembered, is possible because *you did* send your rummage to Lots for Little.

The McMahon Temporary Shelter cares particularly for children under three, for the period when the mother is ill and in the hospital and there is no one to care for the little tots. It fills a very necessary place in the lives of those mothers who cannot afford "someone to stay with the children" during their own illness or confinement. The value of this particular work must be measured far beyond the actual charity of caring for these children! And this assistance is made available, too, to many harassed mothers because

of the dresses and the shoes that *you did* send to Lots for Little.

The Helpers of the Holy Souls, likewise, are assisted in carrying on their noble work by your charity. In teaching catechism, in helping families to rehabilitate themselves, in assisting the dying for the last long journey to the shores of eternity, these nuns are mindful of your share in their work—are conscious of the fact that but for your help it might be that some poor soul would not have the opportunity of coming back to God.

The work of the Saint Paul Guild—to assist financially converts who were formerly non-Catholic ministers and nuns until they are able to readjust themselves—is another splendid outlet for your charity. Without this financial assistance—and you must remember that many of them have families dependent upon them for support—some of them must surely lack the courage to take the step that cuts them off from friends and the only profession for which they are trained, but which brings them into the True Church. If you would have a share in this apostolic work, remember Lots for Little when you have something especially precious to give away!

But the souls that are to be benefited by your charity are not all in the United States. Ten thousand miles away, in our own missions in Rawalpindi and Dacca, there are patients, poor sick women and children of many colors and creeds, nursed back to health by our own Medical Missionaries. *You* too must share for all eternity in the reward of their good works if you have contributed your rummage to Lots for Little, for we are one of the organizations benefited by their profits.

So the next time you wonder whether or not to send the coat, the dress, the shoes, the china, the books, the old violin, mandolin or guitar, or the wooden leg (as some one actually did), as well as the countless other articles for which you have no further need, remember, my dear reader, that perchance, in the Providence of God, the salvation of an immortal soul may depend on your decision! Rather a sobering thought, isn't it, that even rummage is permitted to play a part in the great work of making people happy in this world and in the next? A realization of this fact should make you decide to send your rummage to Lots for Little Thrift Shop at 902 Third Avenue, New York City.



SALAAM, MY FRIENDS!
"Ten thousand miles away"

The Society Abroad

Rawalpindi

Address Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road
Rawalpindi, Punjab, India

Doctor Lalinsky Arrives

In the last number of THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY we told of the departure of Doctor Helen Lalinsky, S.C.M.M., and Sister M. Bernard, S.C.M.M., on the *S.S. Queen Mary*. Letters arrived in due time giving us glimpses of their adventures. Here are a few peeks:

March 10th. "Almost 24 hours on our journey and no seasickness on the horizon as yet for either of us. What is all this talk about prevention and cure? . . . We have already met a young woman, a Protestant missionary, who is taking a two-year tour of Africa in order to lecture on her return. . . . Also met three Marie Reparatrice nuns who are going to Rome."

March 18th. "Greetings from England! We landed about one o'clock Monday and reached Waterloo about four-thirty. Actually the sun greeted us and we were so surprised to see the spring flowers all out. We are having lovely weather. . . . Doctor Lalinsky and I went sight-seeing before she sailed for India. (Sister Bernard is stationed at present at the Medical Mission House in Osterley.) We saw the Westminster Abbey, Westminster Cathedral, Houses of Parliament, Saint James Palace, Saint James Park, Trafalgar Square, the Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, and last but not least, His Majesty. This is how it happened. We asked a London policeman to direct us to Buckingham Palace, and he told us that if we got there at four-thirty we would see His Majesty going out. So we hurried a little and arrived there on time."

March 22nd. "Aboard the *S.S. Strathallan*! I am writing this while we are anchored off the northwest coast of Africa in the port of Tangier, where twenty-five of our passengers are disembarking. . . . Because of a rocky sea the passengers are not allowed to visit the town. Many of the African vendors are initiating us into the art of bargaining. On one end of the boat an Englishman thought he was getting a bargain when he finally paid fifteen shillings for an embroidered bag. On the same deck, at the other end, an English lady, with a smattering of Hindustani in her vocabulary, bought the same type of article for five shillings. . . .

"I celebrated Saint Joseph's Day by being violently seasick while passing the Bay of Biscay. And then to top it off the dear little English stewardess tried to argue—mind you, argue—me out of it. . . . Since then, however, the sailing has not been so choppy.

"There are no other Catholic Sisters on board but there is an elderly Anglican Sister on the boat on her way to Australia. We have become acquainted and sit at the same table for meals (that is, when we sit at meals—she also being a poor sailor)."

March 25th. Marseilles, France. "This is what we could call a 'break'—docking the night before our big feast and not sailing until the afternoon of the day after. So the Society has a Medical Missionary in France on this lovely Feast of Our Lady.

"At seven o'clock I went to the nearest church—which happened to be the Cathedral—for Mass. It was supposed to have been a chanted Mass but for some reason or other the young ladies sang French hymns instead. The Cathedral itself is of Roman Byzantine style and can accommodate twelve thousand people. The foundation stone was laid by Louis-Napoleon in 1852, so it is quite new. Adjoining the Cathedral is a smaller devotional church which seems to be very old and in which one always finds many fervent souls praying.

"Notre Dame de la Garde can be seen from all over Marseilles. It was raining this morning when we visited it, so the view was not too good. . . . The Anglican Sister and myself did a little more sightseeing together. We took the wrong turn in one place and found ourselves being the objects of attraction in some very narrow streets, just wide enough for one car to go one way. We finally came to a turn which seemed a main corner from which we could locate almost anything, only to find about a dozen women doing the family wash at a public trough.

"This morning we visited the old Abbey of Saint Victor. It is one of the oldest churches in the city and dates back to 1200 A. D. It was built by monks of an order founded by St. Cassian. It contains many sacred relics—a piece of stone from Saint Lazarus' tomb and also a statue of ebony, 'The Black Virgin,' ascribed to Saint Luke. The church itself is built over the catacombs, which are most interesting. The little French sexton who took us through knew no English but we understood the general gist of what he was telling us.

"About one hundred more passengers are getting on here, but sad to relate, no priest—and to think that some of the boats carry seven or eight of them. . . . A chat with my cabin steward revealed that all the Indian cabin stewards and dining salon stewards on board are Roman Cath-

olies from Goa, India. The crew hands, however, are Mohammedans. There are no Hindus among the crew. There are a few Indian women on board in saris and one Hindu with a white turban."

March 29th. "We are still in the Mediterranean Sea but are due in Port Said tomorrow morning at four. We remain in the port about four hours and then proceed down the Suez Canal at a snail's pace, so they say. The boat did not stop at Malta but came by way of the Strait of Bonifacio between Corsica and Sardinia, and then later through the Strait of Messina. We passed the Volcano Stromboli, which is about three thousand feet high and still active. They say it is a beautiful sight at night. We are due at Aden on Passion Sunday, which will give us an opportunity for hearing Mass."

An Ounce of Prevention

Sister Vincent finds the Indian children very wise. One day she and another Sister were out for a walk when they met some village children playing in the street. They came up to the Sisters and asked them to go up to their homes.

"Is anyone sick up there?" a Sister said. "As we might be able to help them."

"Oh, no," the youngster answered, "but give us the medicine now and we will take it when we are sick."

On a Tour of Inspection

Another day Sister Vincent had some free time from her hospital duties, so for a change she got permission to go out to the homes with Sister Stephanie, who is the Health Visitor for Rawalpindi. Sister wrote:

"That day we saw about fourteen patients in their homes and twenty-two at the Health Center. The patients all thought I was the '*bari mem sahib*' (the big Sister or boss), inspecting Sister Stephanie's work. Apparently the word got around, as we were no sooner back from one case when the native midwife would call us to see another patient, and she had them all dressed up for the occasion. Everyone seemed so pleased. Some of the people we visited offered us tea and I was afraid Sister Stephanie would accept, but we promised to come back another time and thus escaped that ordeal."

A Play Center

Sister Stephanie has about twelve children coming to the Health Center every morning for cod liver oil and many more for dressings and

various treatments. She makes it a play center as well as a health center and encourages them to play ball in the courtyard where they can get some sun. "It is surprising how little it takes to make an Indian child happy," Sister Stephanie wrote. "Our American children are so used to a house full of toys, while these little ones will run around all day with a ball or a picture torn out of an old magazine."

It Has Happened Before

Sister Camillus is getting on with her Urdu (Hindustani) and still laughs over the process of learning it. Recently she wrote:

"We have the usual fun making mistakes in our efforts to make ourselves understood. It seems to be the slogan, however, that it is better to have spoken and made mistakes than never to have spoken at all. I went into a ward the other night and in my very best Urdu asked the patient for her hot water bottle. I almost dropped the bottle when she answered me in excellent English, 'I have been waiting for you to change this for quite some time.'"

Winter Epidemics

The Sisters report that pneumonia was very prevalent during the winter months (which were colder than usual) and that Saint Francis' Dispensary was crowded with sweeper children coming in with complaints which included pneumonia and smallpox. Around Peshawar there was an epidemic of smallpox and the mortality was fifty per cent. It is so hard to persuade the people to be vaccinated. Several children ran

away from the dispensary when the Sisters started taking temperatures. They thought the Sisters were going to vaccinate them.

Another Nicodemus?

Sister Ann tells us that they were recently called to the house of a well-to-do Mohammedan, whose daughter was ill. "She, her husband and children had become Catholics while living in a neighboring city. Her father, a Mohammedan, made arrangements for the children to go to Mass; called on our Pastor and asked if we would visit his daughter. It was my first experience of a well-to-do, educated Mohammedan family tolerating and helping a sick daughter who had become a Catholic. Pray hard for them for that home is surely ripe for grace. The father apparently has leanings towards Catholicism—but like Nicodemus, I suppose, he must wait for the dark."



A little distrustful.

Dacca

Address: Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M.
Mifford Hospital
Dacca, Bengal, India

The Grateful Widow

By

SISTER M. HELEN, S.C.M.M., R.N.

The first time I met Kariman Nisa was about eight years ago. At that time her husband, a vegetable vendor, was earning two or three annas a day; barely enough to buy rice for himself, his wife and the two children. During my time at the Health Center two more babies were born and within a short time after the birth of the last one the husband died of tuberculosis. The family was absolutely penniless.

Kariman Nisa was undernourished and had a bad cough. We were afraid that she had also contracted tuberculosis so we sent her to the clinic for an examination, but no signs of lung trouble were detected. She received milk and cod liver oil from the Health Center regularly. As soon as she was strong enough she left her baby in the care of her eight-year-old daughter and went out selling vegetables as her husband had done, walking the streets all day long with a heavy basket of vegetables balanced on her head.

After several months of such strenuous work Kariman Nisa's health failed and one day we found her in a state of collapse and took her to the hospital. We had to

take the baby to the hospital also while kind neighbors took care of the other three children. After three months she was able to leave and we tried to find a less strenuous occupation for her. She was able to embroider so we made arrangements with a cloth shop and she was engaged to embroider saris. The advantage of this was that the work could be done at home, but all kinds of home industry in India are very poorly paid. Although Kariman Nisa is quite expert at her work and is busy with her needle from morning until night she only makes an average of six *pice* (three cents) per day.

With this paltry sum they can eat rice

only once a day. The head man of the Moham-medan section in which she lives helps her by sending her boys to school and occasionally gives her a little rice. We supply the little clothing necessary and also help her buy a little more food.

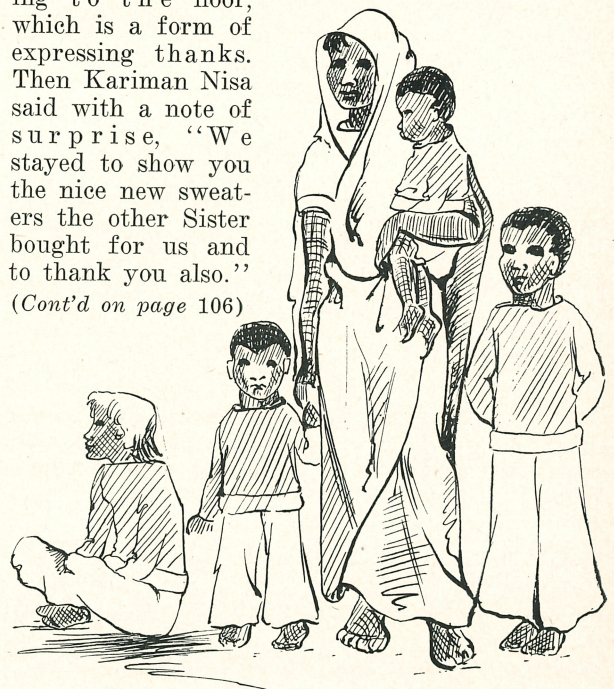
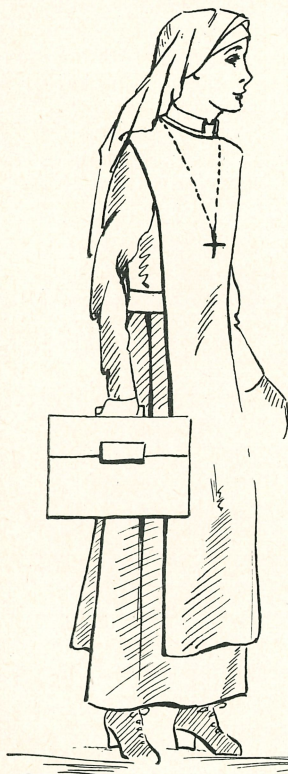
Unlike most of the poor here Kariman Nisa is shy about begging. When her store of rice is absolutely exhausted and she has had nothing to eat all day she comes asking for help and at the same time apologizes for worrying us. She is always most grateful for any thing that is given her. We promised her sweaters for the children as there are about two months of cold weather in Dacca when a thin cotton dress is not much protection.

A few days ago Kariman Nisa came with her children for the sweaters. I happened to be away that afternoon so Sister Therese took them all to a nearby shop and fitted them with the promised sweaters. When I returned it was already dark and much to my surprise I found her and the children still sitting on the doorstep.

"Why haven't you gone?" I inquired, "It is now dark."

Before answering they all salaamed by bowing to the floor, which is a form of expressing thanks. Then Kariman Nisa said with a note of surprise, "We stayed to show you the nice new sweaters the other Sister bought for us and to thank you also."

(Cont'd on page 106)



Medical Mission Notes

India

It is only in comparatively recent years that tuberculosis bacilli invaded India and found the country unprepared for battle. It is estimated that about a half million Indians succumb annually to the disease. The majority of its victims are between fifteen and thirty years of age and the death rate among the women is three times as great as among the men. India (it is estimated) maintains accommodation for two thousand, seven hundred and three tuberculous patients and has but forty clinics for the treatment of the disease. *The Cry of Tuberculosis in India* in THE SOCIAL ORDER, Allahabad, February 27, 1938.

Africa

"I had a very interesting letter from a civil servant in Nigeria *insisting* on the need for medical missions, because, says he, 'it is all wrong to destroy native belief in witch-doctors and substitute nothing in the healing line for it. For the witch-doctor could heal all sorts of things by means of suggestion; so to remove him and replace him with nothing is unfair.' A strong argument!"—Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.

* * *

The Pasteur Institute of Tunis has discovered a vaccine for typhus. This living vaccine, which can be prepared in large quantities and shipped safely for some distance, is known as Nicolle-Laignet vaccine. Experiments begun in 1934 have fulfilled all the hopes of the doctors. The exact period of immunity is not yet determined but it has been proved to be longer than that obtained by using Weigel vaccine. The Institute advises isolation, delousing and vaccination as soon as possible and maintains that vaccination without delousing is not sufficient. This is certainly good news for countries where typhus is prevalent.—COLLECTANEA COMM. SYNODALIS, January, 1938. Joseph Rutten, Scheut Missionary.

China

"As a Chinese medical man, I begrudge Christian nations these nuns. I am convinced that within a few centuries China's clinics will be just as modern as those of Europe and America, but I know of no equivalent substitute

for these nuns."—*Chats with Chinese Students*, FU JEN, March, 1938.

* * *

"As many as two hundred persons a day visit the two dispensaries at Lishui staffed by seven Grey Sisters, two of whom are graduate nurses. These practical missionaries supply medicines, extract teeth and perform many minor operations and are much beloved by the thousands of Chinese men, women and children who flock to the dispensaries."—CHINA, February, 1938.

* * *

An idea of the tremendous amount of work thrown on the shoulders of the missionaries who happened to be in or near the war area of China can be obtained by reading "War Time Apostolate in China." The story of 350,000 inoculations for cholera within a few months in the French Concession of Shanghai alone, of measles and diphtheria epidemics, give a faint picture of the problems facing the missionaries.—FAR AWAY MISSIONS, April, 1938.

Solomon Islands

The Marist Medical Mission consists of a band of Catholic trained nurses (all Australians) who are giving their services (without salary) to assist the Marist Fathers in the North and South Solomon Islands. The Marist Medical Mission was founded in the Islands in 1931 by a Sydney nurse. The nurses now have three hospitals in the North and one in the South Solomon Islands. The Medical Mission Society was established in Sydney in 1935 by His Excellency Bishop Wade for the purpose of raising funds with which to supply the nurses with medicines, drugs, and hospital equipment.—THE CATHOLIC CITIZEN, September, 1937.

General

"I think one can say without fear of exaggeration that in any Mission at least three quarters of those with whom contact must be made are most easily accessible through the special ministry of women. To believe that we priests can supply for their lack by sermons or regulations is simply to turn one's back on facts and take up one's abode in the realms of fantasy." *The Nurse and the Missions* by Rev. Pierre Charles, S.J.



In Our Library



A LIGHT SHINING. *The Life and Letters of Mother Mary Joseph Dallmer.* By S. M. Johnston. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$3.50. 409 pages.

"'Like a light shining' was she to the nuns in the old convent by the sea. A light shining even more brightly, casting further afield its heartening beams, was her short but brilliant career as first Provincial of the South. And undeniably a blaze of spiritual brilliance lingering down the years hallowed those last days of the dying nun in Rome. . . . God Himself had set her a light shining." Thus does the author sum up the life of the gallant Ursuline nun who provides the subject of this biography.

Although four hundred pages make a rather weighty volume, the material itself is light and easy reading. The life of the little German girl who came to America in 1857, at the age of five, with her widowed mother is sketched in the interesting background of American history in the southwest. The scene for the most part is laid in and about Galveston (the story of the terrible Galveston flood is included in the biography) where Mother Mary Joseph spent her childhood and much of her religious life. However, we have glimpses of several journeys across the Atlantic and the last days of the Ursuline Mother passed far from her adopted homeland, in the Motherhouse of the Union at Rome. For the interested reader, the book provides a composite of historical entertainment: the pioneer days in Texas, the story of the union of the Ursuline houses of the world, and above all, the unfolding of the life of a servant of Christ.

HIDDEN APOSTLES. *By Father Pierre Duchaussois, O.M.I., Litt.D. English translation by Father Thomas Dawson, O.M.I.* New York: William J. Hirten Co. \$1.10 postpaid.

The Oblates of Mary have labored ninety years in the Canadian Northwest. In these missions the Coadjutor Brothers, the "Hidden Apostles," labor side by side with the priests, risking their lives daily piloting boats or dog sleds over dangerous streams and steppes. The Coadjutor Brother is free from the burden as well as the dignity of the priesthood but in the perils of the missions he seems to have taken upon himself the most difficult part.

Those of us who are hero-worshippers—and who isn't?—will enjoy the tales of heroism found in these pages. It was the Brothers who put up the buildings, provided the food, clothing and other necessities of the missions. One incident

records that the Brothers of Providence Mission, on the Mackenzie, when the fishing was a failure, spent the whole winter catching hares, on which the missionaries, the nuns, and the Indian orphans had to live. In another place Bishop Faraud wrote, "If we are to be left without our good and valiant Brothers then we shall have to shut up our orphanages, hospitals and homes for the aged, and send back to the wretchedness of their woods all those of whom we have made ourselves the liberators."

The events narrated are so interesting and the book is written in such a delightful style that one will not want to put it down until it is finished.

GOD'S RAINBOW. *Reflections for the Month of May.* By A. Page, C.S.C., Grant Mills, R. I., Salve Regina Press. Paper binding, 50 cents.

The various titles of the Litany of Loretto are inspiringly interpreted by this well-known spiritual writer. The short meditations leave one with a happy, helpful thought of Our Lady for this month especially dedicated to her.

I GIVE GLORY. *A Book for the Sick.* By Abbe Henri Perreyve. Translated from the French by M. G. Chadwick. Saint Louis, B. Herder. \$1.25.

In a short note in the original French edition, the author himself tells us that this book which treats of illness is itself the fruit of illness, for, he says, it was "suffered before being written." The pages of this small volume breathe forth a spirit uniting the sick room with two worlds—the soul united to God and, through that union, with the world of everyday activity. Abbe Perreyve makes the sick realize that they are serving God though ill and giving Him glory by their acceptance and use of the cross of illness.

A WAY OF THE CROSS FOR SISTERS. *By Rev. Eugene J. Crawford.* New York: Benziger Brothers. Paper binding, 25 cents.

This little booklet contains a series of meditations on the Way of the Cross especially adapted to the needs of our American Sisters. We are reminded, too, that the Stations of the Cross are made throughout the year, not only during the Lenten season.

HOURS OF CONTEMPLATION. *By Canon Adalbert Brenninkmeyer, D.D.* New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$1.10 postpaid.

Reverend George J. Blatter

The Reverend George J. Blatter, who recently died in Chicago, was a friend of our Society from its earliest days, and it is with sincere appreciation that we give this short sketch of his very interesting life.

Father Blatter was born in Chicago, Illinois, May 7, 1861, and was ordained to the priesthood June 24, 1888. For a short time he served as curate in Holy Trinity Parish and was later appointed the pastor of St. Maurice Parish. In 1895 he took charge of SS. Peter and Paul Parish in South Chicago, where he remained for 33 years. He resigned his charge November 15, 1928 to undertake a missionary journey to Afghanistan. He had the great privilege of being the first priest to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in that forbidden territory. In 1932 he was stricken with malaria and was forced to leave Afghanistan for a healthier climate.

It was on this trip to India that Father Blatter became so well acquainted with the Medical Missionaries. On his way to and from Afghanistan he visited Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi. After his return to the United States he spent several weeks as chaplain at our Motherhouse. He returned to Chicago June 17, 1932, and made his home at St. Philomena's Rectory with his friend and classmate, Father Ruettershoff. He never fully recovered from the results of his missionary labors.

Father Blatter was a world traveler, student and author of renown. Among his works are "O'er Oceans and Continents," a four-volume account of his early travels; "The City of God," a translation in four volumes of the works of Venerable Mary of Agreda, a Spanish mystic; "Auf Spuren der Weltherrin," an epic poem in German in praise of Our Lady; and various articles of a philosophic nature. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin and his loyalty to the cause of the Missions were his two predominant characteristics.

May He Rest In Peace!

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of—
Right Rev. William Quinn, P.A.
Rev. Wm. Flood, New York City
Sister Mary of St. Ethelreda, New York City
Miss Eleanor G. Connelly, Newburgh, N. Y.
Mr. Matteo Rignanese, New York City

*Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord.
 And let perpetual light shine upon them.
 May they rest in peace. Amen.*

Kindly send the names of recently deceased subscribers, friends and benefactors for inclusion in this obituary.

A CALL TO HIS SERVICE

(Continued from page 99)

"Patience is one of the greatest requisites, but only a few have it."

"Everyone was trying to make up Mary's mind for her."

Very, very few stressed the importance of praying fervently to know one's vocation. Personally I think more girls should pray for a vocation. Only one or two mentioned consulting a Confessor. Perhaps that was taken for granted; yet it is an important point.

We deeply appreciate the interest shown by those who took part in the contest. We feel sure that it has helped us understand the students better and hope that they have learned a few things that will help them decide their own vocation when the time comes.

THE GRATEFUL WIDOW

(Continued from page 103)

"Do you like your sweaters?" I asked.

"Yes," they all smilingly replied, "they are beautiful."

"But now you must go quickly," I said, "as it is very late and you have over two miles to walk."

After another salaam and a prayer of thanksgiving to Allah for his kindness they started for the cold, cheerless mud hut they call "home."

✠ Rt. Rev. William Quinn, P.A. ✠

As we go to press word reaches us of the death of the Right Reverend William Quinn, P. A., former National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. When Dr. Dengel first came to interest the people of the United States in the need of medical missions she called on Monsignor Quinn. From that day to the day of his death he was a staunch and loyal friend, devoted to our Society and its work.

Through Monsignor's instrumentality we received many opportunities for making the great need of medical work on the mission field known throughout the country, especially among the Reverend Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

While we have lost his cheering presence and his word of friendly encouragement we have gained an advocate for our cause in heaven. We are sure that when he entered the gates of eternity he was met by countless souls who had received the grace of baptism because of Monsignor's whole hearted devotion to the missions.

May the soul of this great missionary rest in peace!

That Motherhouse Fund!

Yes, it's growing—but slowly in comparison with the urgency of our needs. Perhaps now that the weather is warmer and the trees and flowers are shooting forth new buds and blossoms, the Motherhouse Fund will fall into line and grow more quickly.



St. Joseph, pray for us.

Our Other Wants!

Books—spiritual, medical, educational.

A copy of Synonyms and Antonyms.

Garden furniture and benches.

Old gold, jewelry, cancelled stamps.

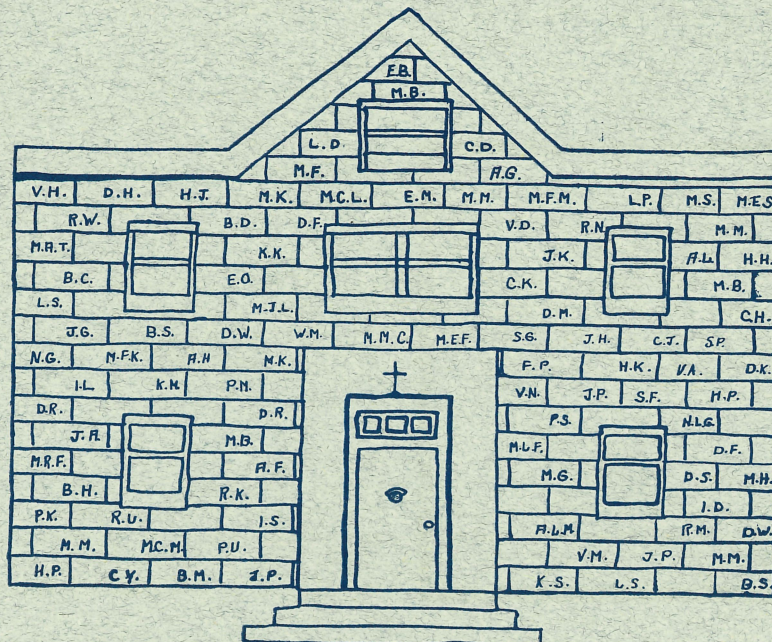
Five dollars will purchase milk for one year for an Indian baby.

Bricks! Bricks! Bricks!

Bricks are selling today "Ten for One Dollar." How many would you like to purchase? Recently we were told that we were courageous in asking for BRICKS. It seems that most people get them without asking—and spend their time trying to dodge them. Well, Medical

Missionaries are courageous and we promise we won't dodge a single brick hurled in our direction!

The students of Saints Peter and Paul Academy in Cumberland, Maryland, picked out their own bricks and initialed them. It's an idea we highly recommend to you.





YOUR PART!

Become a partner with us by your investment in our

MOTHERHOUSE FUND!

All our friends and benefactors are remembered several times daily in our prayers. In addition to this anyone who contributes \$100.00 to the Motherhouse Fund will be enrolled as a FOUNDER. These FOUNDERS will have their names inscribed in the Chapel of the New Motherhouse where they will be remembered daily in the Holy Masses offered there.

If you wish to be enrolled as a FOUNDER but cannot give the \$100.00 outright, we shall be glad to make arrangements whereby you may pay it over a period of time.

Remember that by helping the MEDICAL MISSIONARIES with your alms you partake of the fruits of their labors, thus benefiting the Medical Missions during life and laying up for yourself treasures in heaven.

Please send contributions to:

SISTER SUPERIOR
MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE, BOX 4405, BROOKLAND STATION,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

